

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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POLITICAL.

The publication of Blaine's letters to Mulligan and Fisher, touching the Fort Smith & Little Rock railroad, or of that portion of the correspondence not hitherto laid before the public, affords the most incontestable proof of his dishonorable conduct in connection with that enterprise. It is true that the leading facts of the case were already known, but the new letters greatly increase the evidence against him and show to what depths of degradation he descended in order to insure his share in the enterprise yielding him the financial profits he desired. The incessant appeals in the manner in which Fisher in more than one instance, resiles to his importunities given to the correspondence a most extraordinary character.—[St. Louis Republic.

The tone and character are the same in all. They show that the republican candidate for the Presidency used the Speaker's chair as a stockjobbing office for his private gain, that he told falsehoods about his transactions whenever it was necessary to do so to conceal them, and that he was smart enough to make a fortune out of the business. For all persons who like that sort of a candidate Mr. Blaine is just the sort of a candidate they have liked from the first, and will continue to like to the end, no matter how many more letters Mulligan and Fisher may have to reserve. [New York Post.

The plain truth that the republicans must now face is that there is not a certain Blaine State from Ohio to the Northern Lakes and the Pacific Ocean, and why they are doubtful is told in the general revolutionary action of the people. Protection and labor are great factors, but why are they? They are the chief values of wearied party servitude, and they become paramount, not because they are greater issues than in the past, but because greater issues have served their purpose and perished. Revolution is in the air, and that is why half of the republican States are doubtful for November.—[Philadelphia Times.

James G. Blaine has been in public life a quarter of a century. In all that time he has been a recognized leader of the republican party. We hear of Blaine's escapade in Kentucky, of his Mulligan letters and connection with transactions in Little Rock R. R. bonds, of his building a \$100,000 palace in Washington City and furnishing it at a cost of \$50,000 more, he all the while on a comparatively small salary; but we know of no great measure of public policy with which Blaine's name is identified. Blaine has done some work for himself and his party. What has he done for his country?—[Covington Commonwealth.

A SHARKY FOUNDATION.—The city of New Orleans is built on swampy low land, almost in the delta of the Mississippi. Many large buildings are slowly settling into the soft earth or getting into a leaning position. The custom-house, commenced so many years ago that the memory of the oldest inhabitant does not run to the contrary, has never been finished, stands today without a permanent roof, is sinking an inch in six years, and if the world will last long enough it is only a question of time as to when the officials in the lower floor will have to move up one story, and keep on moving at stated intervals until they get to that part where the roof ought to be.—[Philadelphia Press.

The first horse cars were introduced into Philadelphia in 1825, and were looked upon by the people as a mere experiment, liable to be taken up at any time. But those cars have now expanded until Philadelphia has just shown that she possesses about 234 miles of car tracks, with about 1,100 cars and 7,500 horses. Last year these Philadelphia lines carried more than 112,000,000 passengers. The city of Brooklyn Love still sticks to the antique and obsolete six-cent fare, which would make about \$6,750,000 to be divided among a large number of stockholders. A very tidy little sum.

A colored woman at Stephensville, Ky., has given birth to twins, one black and the other white. Paradoxical as it may sound the white child will doubtless be considered the "black sheep of that flock."—[Madisonville Times.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A most distressing, painful, and very disagreeable feeling, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Ross's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, allaying the inflammation, relieving the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Ross Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by M. Roberts & Sons, St. Louis.

A COMPLETE GIVE AWAY.

Blaine the Thinnest of All Leans

Blaine writes as follows to his friend, Wm. Walter Phelps:

At Georgetown, Ky., in the spring of 1838, when I was but 18 years of age, I first met the lady who for more than thirty-four years has been my wife. Our acquaintance resulted at the end of six months in an engagement which, without the prospect of speedy marriage, we naturally sought to keep to ourselves. Two years later, in the spring of 1840, when I was maturing plans to leave my profession in Kentucky and establishing myself elsewhere, I was suddenly summoned to Pennsylvania by the death of my father. It being very doubtful if I could return to Kentucky, I was threatened with an indefinite separation from her who possessed my entire devotion. My one wish was to secure her to myself by an indissoluble tie against every possible contingency in life, and on the 30th day of June, 1840, just prior to my departure from Kentucky, we were, in the presence of chosen and trusted friends, united by what I knew was in my native State of Pennsylvania a perfectly legal form of marriage. On reaching home I found that my family and especially my bereaved mother, strongly disapproved my business plans as involving too long a separation from home and kindred. I complied with her wish that I should resume, at least for a time, my occupation in Kentucky, whither I returned in the latter part of August. During the ensuing winter, induced by misgivings which were increased by legal consultations, I became alarmed at a doubt might be thrown on the validity of our marriage, by reason of non-compliance with the laws of the State where it occurred, for I had learned that the laws of Kentucky made a license, certified by the Clerk of the County Court, an indispensable requisite of legal marriage. After much deliberation and with an anxious desire to guard in the most efficient manner against any possible embarrassment resulting from our position, for which I alone was responsible, we decided that the simplest and, at the same time, the surest way was to repair to Pennsylvania and have another marriage service performed. This was done in the presence of witnesses in the city of Pittsburgh, in the month of March, 1841, but was not otherwise made public for obvious reasons. It was solemnized only to secure an indisputable validity, the first marriage being by my wife and myself alone held sacred.

At the mature age of fifty-four I do not defend the wisdom or prudence of a secret marriage suggested by the ardor and inexperience of youth, but honor and its purity were inviolate, as I believe, in the sight of God, and can be made to appear otherwise by the wicked devices of men. It brought to me a companionship which has been my chief happiness from my boyhood's years to this hour, and has crowned me with whatever of success I have attained in life.

My eldest child, a son, was born in his grandmother's house, on the 18th day of June, 1841, in the city of Augusta, Maine, and died in her arms three years later. His ashes repose in the cemetery of his native city, beneath a stone which recorded his name and the limits of his innocent life. That stone, which had stood for almost an entire generation, has been recently defaced by brutal and sacrilegious hands.

As a candidate for the Presidency, I knew that I should encounter many forms of calumny and personal defamation, but I confess that I did not expect to be called on to defend the name of a beloved and honored wife, who is a mother and grand mother nor did I expect that the grave of my little child would be cruelly desecrated. Again such gross forms of wrong the law gives no adequate redress, and I know that in the end my most effective appeal against the unpardonable outrages which I resist must be to the noble womanhood of America. Very sincerely, your friend, JAMES G. BLAINE.

To free cages and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practiced it for years: Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered over with a white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth, where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at daylight. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect powders will no doubt kill parasites, but are birds as well.

There was excitement in the railroad station at Westfield, Mass., when a stray trunk turned up with no marks to show its destination, and emitting such a stench that a council was held as to what should be done with it. Visions of crime flitted through every mind. With fear and horror the trunk was forced and the cover raised. The cause was found in a lot of huck-berries that had fermented, and a quantity of cooked corn beef and other eatables which had spoiled from the heat and long keeping.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal to ours and every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Peacock Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McCallister & Stage.

MARSHAL HELM SHOT.

His Would-be Murderer Shoots and Runs.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

JUNCTION CITY, Sept. 20.—The unprovoked and cowardly shooting of Marshal O. T. Helm by Ben Durham, has created a considerable feeling of indignation among the people of this vicinity. Those who witnessed the shooting tell me that it happened in this wise: For several months the vilest of lewd women, both white and black, have been coming out here every night on the 3.45 accommodation and after mixing with degraded men and getting gloriously drunk, will make night hideous till the arrival of the 3 o'clock express next morning. The citizens could stand this kind of business no longer and the Trustees held a special meeting on Wednesday, the object of which was to devise some way of putting a stop to the kind of fun above mentioned. They put special police on the force temporarily and the marshal was told to see that these women no longer be the cause of disturbance and he had special orders to arrest any man in company with them. Among those who have been most conspicuous in their company are Mont Searla, night engineer in the yards here, and Ben Durham, baggage checker for the C. S. On the night in question Searla was making considerable noise near the depot, about 2 A. M., and Helm approaching him, requested him to desist. He replied that it was his own business about how much racket he kicked up, and that he would be quiet as soon as he got ready; that Helm had but little use for him or Ben Durham either. Helm said "I guess you are mistaken about that or I would have arrested you both the other night when I found you both in the depot in that little piece of lawless business." At that moment Durham rushed out of the door and striking Helm on the shoulder in an impudent manner, said, "I am as good as you or any other G-d-d-n man!" having his pistol in one hand, as is supposed, but concealed from Helm, who slapped him in the face, instead of breaking his head with the stick in his hand, which would have been the proper thing. Simultaneously with the slap, the report of Durham's pistol was heard and Helm was shot, the ball entering just above the right eye of the stomach and passing out at the top of the right kidney—a probably fatal shot. Quickly drawing his pistol, Helm was in the act of giving him as good as he sent, but a wrong thought must have possessed him, for he did not fire and Durham walked off untroubled, as in the excitement no one thought of preventing his escape. Helm walked to the door of the Tribble House, about twenty steps, and fell. Dr. W. B. McClure was quickly summoned, and assisted by Drs. Johnson, Cartright, Alcorn and Hunt, has left nothing undone though at this writing they are all hopeless of his recovery.

R. B. Turnbull, President of the Board of Trustees, and a leading and influential citizen, tells me that it is his belief that it was a premeditated affair on the part of Durham and Searla, and he is a man who always gets at the facts in a case before expressing an opinion. I give his opinion with his permission and state also that his belief is in strict accord with a large number of others. Durham tried to borrow a pistol a few nights previous to the shooting, saying that he believed Helm had but little use for him and added: "I am d—n certain I have no love for him." Durham lived in Stanford for a while and if he made any friends the fact was not made public, and when the news was received there Friday that he had shot Helm I heard one of the best citizens of the town say: "Well, Durham was a contemptible wretch and it's a pity he is not the one that is killed." The sheriff and a posse have been quite diligent in searching for Durham, but up to this time have not been successful. J. F. W.

LATER.

JUNCTION CITY, Sept. 22, 7 P. M.—Durham found out that the diligent search for him would be continued, and that he would have to give himself up to the authorities or seek a more congenial clime. He chose the former and is now in the hands of the law.

Mr. Helm is getting easy to-night but the doctors say there is not much change in his condition. He appears better at any rate and his friends have strong hopes that he will pull through. J. F. W.

Cabbages for winter use are usually pushed ahead too fast, according to *Seed Time and Harvest*. That is they are set out too early and consequently ripen off too early, so early in many cases that they will not keep until January. Cabbage plants set out the last of June on good rich soil will make much better keepers than if set out the first of June. To be truly valuable the garden must produce something for all the seasons of the year—a constant and plentiful supply. This cannot be done by sowing the garden all at one time, as too many do, rather than have any after trouble with it.

A Massachusetts Bay oyster planter pays boys a cent for every starfish caught in his beds. He saves \$1,000 a year on the oysters because he otherwise destroyed, besides a profit of two cents on each starfish which he dries and sells.

Girls, never flirt. Instances have been known where girls while flirting have dropped their switches and frightened those they have been flirting with.—[Whitehall Times.

Speaking of Representative Lillard's case, the Nicholasville Journal Courier says: He filled the position of legislator admirably so long as the laws he made concerned other people, but he, himself, has transgressed one of the most sacred laws as well as the most solemn vows known to civilization. He has been proven guilty of taking liberties with and making improper proposals to a young girl, whose sole recommendation to any human being is that priceless jewel, her virtue. Some people whose conscience is rendered elastic by the presence of influence might piously exclaim that, we all sin, but we for one say that if this charge is true, which it is proven to be, Mr. Lillard should be impeached as a legislator, and his political honors hurled from him, and he should be beneath the recognition of any friend to virtue, who loves his God, his country and the sacred ties which bind him to his family.

The Winchester Democrat tells of a Clark county young man who, while courting a girl in a neighboring county by moonlight, sat on a bee hive for a dry goods box. The young man would not bee hive himself, but thumped his heels at an improper time. The picnic which followed can only be described by the first lines of the old song: "Such a gitten' up shairs I never did see."

Husband: "My dear, are you going to the reception to-night?" Wife: "Yes, but really I've nothing to wear."

Husband: "Then for heaven's sake don't go. I wouldn't have you appear there in a nude state for anything in the world."—[Frankfort Capital.

Very positive in her testimony was the Des Moines woman who accused a boy of stealing her watch in a street car; but after securing his commitment for trial she found the timepiece safe at home, where she had inadvertently left it on going out.

Ex Governor St. John's record, it seems is not altogether impeachable. He smokes, and for many years past he has been very fond of peanuts.—[N. Y. Tribune.

A new form of dynamite is made from poplar wood flour, and resembles a varnished doughnut. It is as explosive as the ordinary kind, but far safer.

The Salvation Army claims that its colors are flying in nineteen countries, and that it prints eighteen journals in six different languages.

A hurricane moves eighty miles an hour. Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The average human life is thirty-one years. Japan has only 10,000 paupers in a population of 30,000,000.

You Can Have It.

"My dear, what would I give to have your hair!" is often said by middle aged ladies to young ones. Now, you may have just such hair. Parker's Hair Balsam will give it to you. It will stop your hair from falling off, restore the original color and make it long, thick, soft and glossy. You need not stand helplessly envying the girls. The Balsam is not oily, not a dye, but is an elegant dressing and is especially recommended for cleanliness and purity.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Cathartic, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as ovarian troubles, inflammation and congestion, falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the uterus, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Exhalation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchal, Ulmet, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

New Store!

I have just opened on Depot street a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries that I will sell low for cash or country produce. I am also agent for the Standard Woolen Mills Yarns and Flannels, of which I always keep a full stock. Write me a call and save money. P. I. JATTINGLO, Stanford, Ky.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

I will deliver ice to regular customers every morning at

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale privately my farm, near the Huntingtonville & Coffey's Mill pike, 1 mile west of Mt. Salem, containing 100 acres, containing 87½ Acres. There is a large barn on the place and the other improvements are full. It is well watered and fenced. I have 5 acres in tobacco and 15 acres in corn that I will sell either with the farm or not, as the purchaser desires. Terms liberal. Call on or address D. W. DUNN, Mt. Salem, Ky.

G. R. Waters

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Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Railway & Sons', Tucker Bros', Haines', J. & G. Fischer, Vose & Sons', Baldwin & Co.'s Collage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes, also the Ealey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

W. H. H. THOMPSON, Of Laurel county, Ky., is a Candidate for State Supervisor of Taxes for the 18th Congressional District of Kentucky, November election, 1884.

HON. W. S. YOUNG.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. W. S. Young, of Laurel county, a Candidate to represent the 18th Congressional District, as a member of the State Board of Equalization, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

STANFORD, KY.

I have rented the above centrally located Hotel, and will use every effort to give entire satisfaction to the public. Neat, cool rooms; excellent table; cheap rates. Give me a call.

J. B. CLARK.

Wool Carding & Spinning

We are running our mill for Carding and Spinning and doing good work. Wool can be sent by express to us and returned same way; pack grease securely in bundles. Carding while rolls, 8 cts. each and mixed, 10 cts. per pound when grease is furnished, 2 cents added when we furnish it. Send us your wool and give us a trial.

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OPERA HOUSE,

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W. P. WALTON, - Proprietor.

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address as above.

T. R. WALTON,

GROCCER,

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—ALWAYS ON HAND FULL STOCK OF—

Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Tin-, Glass- and Queens-ware, Tobaccos, Cigars, Confectioneries, &c.

—VERY—

LOW PRICES GIVEN FOR CASH,

And to Prompt Paying Short-time Customers. No goods sold on long time.

—USE—

GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR.

Made from the best Minnesota Wheat. For sale only by

T. R. WALTON.

—TRY—

Ne Plus Ultra Coffee,

—BEST ROASTED RIO—

As Good as Arbuckles.

For sale only by

T. R. WALTON.

CULMINATION OF SUCCESS!

Opens Sept. 3rd. Closes Oct. 4th.

12th

1884.

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EXPOSITION

THE MOST IMPORTANT DISPLAY OF INDUSTRY AND ART EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY, THE CENTENNIAL EXCEPTED.

They have been attended by 4,000,000 of visitors.

NOVELTIES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Cincinnati Grand Orchestra Afternoon and Evening—Concerts on the Great Organ Morning and Afternoon—World Renowned Soloists, Vocal and Instrumental.

COMPREHENSIVE DISPLAYS EXHIBITED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT, REPRESENTING ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The Wonders of all Previous Expositions will be exhibited in the Present, Requiring the Erection of Additional Buildings.

Reduced Railroad Fares—Hotels will only Charge Regular Rates.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. — COME ONE! COME ALL!

W. P. WALTON.

We give on our first page Blaine's version of how and when Harriet Stanwood became his wife, which we ask our readers, both democratic and republican to read carefully and see if they can any longer hold a doubt that he seduced her. It has not occurred to us that this matter should take any great place in the discussion of the fitness of Blaine for President until we read this silliest, thickest and thinnest lie ever concocted and published for reasoning people to believe. He first states that he was married without license in the presence of a few trusted friends, taking care not to say who performed the ceremony. That a year or so afterwards, learning that a license was required to make a marriage legal in Kentucky, he went to Pittsburgh, Pa., and was married again, this marriage occurring but two months prior to the birth of his first born. Singular indeed was it that neither he, the parson nor his trusted friends knew anything of the marriage laws of Kentucky and he a school-teacher, too! A ten-year-old boy could have invented a more plausible lie and we arraign Mr. Blaine not so much for what he did then as what he does now. This letter proves him a miserable liar and his other letters, to be found on our fourth page, prove him to be a venal, corrupt and dishonest man, totally unfit to be President of this United States. Can any honest man read them and cast his vote to make him the first man in the nation?

The New York *Post* takes a rosy view of the situation. It says: "Assurances reach us that Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and even Iowa are as likely to go democratic as republican, and while we receive all such information with reserve, we are convinced that even the most extravagant democratic claims are not impossible of fulfillment. There is revolution in the air in the East as well as in the West. And if anybody doubts it let him take a careful survey of the disheveled columns of our esteemed contemporaries, the Blaine organs. They are lung all over with signals of distress."

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is but six weeks off no apparent interest has been developed in this section and the same seems to be true of nearly every other point. Of course Kentucky's vote will go for Cleveland in any event, but it won't do to let the usual large majority be cut down and for this reason the democracy ought to go to work. Cleveland and Hendricks' clubs should be organized everywhere and every effort be made to draw out a full vote. We have good material here for a club and one ought to be organized at once.

The Blaine letter in regard to his pretended marriage with Miss Stanwood was given to the public just at the time it was to break the effect of the last batch of the so-called Mulligan letters. But his friend William Walter Phelps, has reckoned wrongfully. No revelation could overshadow them. It is said that a man that will steal will also lie and it has been strongly verified over Blaine's own signature in regard to himself. The people could forgive a youthful indiscretion but they hate and abominate a dishonest man and a liar.

THE directors of the Southern Exposition have hit on a happy plan in drawing the most tremendous crowd ever in Louisville. They have fixed Oct. 1st for "Office-holders day" and have sent out invitations to the countless number all over the State. If they all accept the city won't hold them and they will have to go into the big Exposition in detachments.

AN anxious people are longing to read the first epistle of St. John, the prohibition candidate, but knowing that his first will be his last, the saint is taking his own time for writing. It may be some consolation to a waiting world to know, however, that he is coming to Louisville on the 27th to deliver a tirade against our favorite beverage.

WE do not get the *Apostolic Times* we are glad to say, but we note from our exchanges that it is for advice his readers not to support Cleveland, because of the Maria Halpin charge. Sensible people do not need any advice for this phrase. We doubt if he has the right to throw a stone himself.

THE double issue of the Louisville *Times* Saturday, was a genuine daisy and the best of it is we are to have one every week. There are few better papers in the country than this lively, sprightly youngster and we are glad of the repeated evidence that it gives, that it has come to stay.

WE say it and say it boldly that Belva A. Lockwood is by far the prettiest of the numerous presidential candidates now before the people. Her picture in the current *Harper's* is just a little too-too sweet for anything.

BLAINE's letter comes as near confessing the whole matter as it could without making it so many words. Perhaps he is beginning to find out that it is always best as Gov. Cleveland suggests to "tell the truth."

THE Queen City Suspender Company has suspended and now some of the fellows will have to suspend their breeches with one suspender, a kind of one-galvanized set as it were.

BLAINE "tuck up with" his wife like the colored population did in slavery times.

—The democratic State Committee at Columbus is in receipt of information from counties bordering on the Ohio, that leaves no doubt that the republicans are importing negro voters.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Henry Clay was in a very critical condition at late reports.

—Isaac Jacobson was hanged at Chicago for the murder of George Bedell, April 28, 1884.

—George Denny, of Lexington, has been retained by the prosecution in the Blaine libel suit.

—The ticket now stands: For President, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood; for Vice-President, Mrs. D. Clemence Losier.

—"Vote for Cleveland and we close our works," is the lying cry being started by thieving protection manufacturers.

—An Indiana postmaster has been arrested for destroying democratic newspapers sent to his office for delivery to subscribers.

—Of the 260 republican members of the New York Stock Exchange 151 are against Blaine, 99 are for him and 10 are on the fence.

—Allen Coburn, the attendant at the Anchorage asylum, who was struck in the head by a patient on the 16th inst., expired at 11 o'clock Sunday.

—The packets Bonanza, Morning Mail and the Government vessel Lily, were destroyed by fire at Cincinnati, Saturday morning. Loss \$105,000.

—An earthquake shock, of no great violence and lasting but a few seconds, was felt in Louisville, Cincinnati and various points in Indiana and Ohio.

—Chicago upper-tension is all torn up over the elopement of Miss Ella Turnbull with Alex. Nerve, a butcher-boy employed in her father's packing-house.

—Judge Stites decides that there is no law requiring wholesale liquor dealers to take out a State license, or any law requiring them to pay a State license tax.

—Miss Regel, crossing a field containing cattle, near Quebec, became frightened at a demonstrative ox, and died from nervous exhaustion on leaving the field.

—The immigration into the United States in August amounted to 33,148, and in the first eight months of the current year to 340,583. In 1884 the totals were respectively 38,388 and 406,453.

—A primary election has been ordered in the 2d district to settle which shall be the democratic candidate for Congress, Clay or Lafoon, a convention having cast 959 ballots without being able to do so.

—At Kansas City, a roller coaster car containing sixteen persons, was derailed. Miss Taffy suffered a fractured arm, Wm. Taylor had his shoulder dislocated, and half a dozen others received painful injuries.

—Thomas M. Jackson, of Atlanta, Ga., suspending for some time that his wife was unfaithful to her marriage vow, set a trap and caught her and a bar-keeper in *fragrant delicto*, and shot them to death, through a window.

—One of the best speeches of the campaign must be credited to Roscoe Conkling. The story goes that upon being asked if he would take the stump for Blaine, he replied: "I am not engaged in criminal practice."

—Mrs. Lot M. Merrill, the widow of a former Maine Senator, in a recent interview, says: "Mr. Blaine went into Congress twenty years ago a poor man, and is now worth a million dollars. What has Mr. Blaine done for the country but defraud and dishonor it?"

—Gid Henderson, a farmer, while feeding hogs at his home, near Hopkinton, Ky., was assassinated. Some one concealed in the woods fired thirty buckshot into him killing him instantly. James Reynolds, a neighbor with whom he had a quarrel, is suspected.

—Arnie Nutt, 18, second daughter of the late Capt. Nutt, and sister of Wm. Nutt, who killed Dukes for slandering his sister, died suddenly at Uniontown, Pa. It was at first thought she was poisoned, but the doctors now agree that it was cramp colic that took her off.

—Gen. Logan is in Ohio talking his ignorant and inexhaustible drivel about the tariff. Logan in the beautiful act of adorning Blaine's person with the tariff fig leaf in a hopeless effort to hide the letter's tattoo is a spectacle that should tempt the pencil of the political cartoonist. —[Chicago Times]

—Senator Bayard, in a speech in Brooklyn, N. Y. referring to the Mulligan letters, said: "If any man could doubt after reading them, the guilt of Mr. Blaine, particularly in view of the last 'fresh wave of overwhelming and damning evidence,' he could not understand the processes of such a man's mind."

—The frezzed prediction by a woman on a Missouri railroad train that an awful accident was impending might not have scared anybody had she not immediately afterward fallen from her seat dead. Most of the passengers quit the cars at the next station, but nothing happened to those who continued their journey.

—Henry Clay, a Louisville lawyer and grandson of the "Great Commoner" was perhaps fatally shot Sunday morning by Councilman Wepler, in his bar-room. Clay was drunk and when Wepler refused to lend him four dollars he abused him soundly and went for a pistol. When he returned with it, the shooting occurred.

—Thomas Simpson, aged about 35 years, while in a canoe with one or two other parties, on the Cumberland river near the old Cumberland coal banks, was suddenly attacked with heart disease, and fell into the water. When he was pulled back into the canoe he was dead. He leaves a wife and six children. —[Somerset Republican.]

—Mr. Blaine's attorneys filed answers to the 22 interrogatories pronounced by the Indianapolis *Sentinel* in the libel suit against that paper. The answer claims a secret marriage at Millersburg, Ky., June 30, 1850, witnessed by Sarah Stanwood and S. L. Blaine; and a second marriage at Pittsburgh, Pa., March 29, 1851. The first child, a son, was born June 18, 1851, at Augusta, Me.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

'PRAISE THE LORD'

CARE OF TOD BROS. & Co. 26 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, AUG. 23d, 1884.

Dear Interior: We live in beautiful Highgate, down the prettily shaded Hampstead Lane, taking the name of the historic "Heath" to which it leads, from the top of which one can look down and see the elms, oaks and acacias arching over the roadway, until the grand drive is lost in the cool vista. "4 Park Terrace" is the number and name of kind Bro: Piper's "semi-detached villa" where the dear LORD has housed us for "the present distress" and where, if you visit London soon, you will find as happy a family as any in it, big as it is. Praise the LORD for the quiet temporary retreat—much more pleasant than lodgings which we joyfully accept, because he knows we have not the least idea of ever "settling down" anywhere, but rather as "pilgrims and strangers" wait the joyful period when we shall be caught up to meet the dear LORD "in the air," to be forever with HIM. Our house is furnished from top to bottom with everything needful sent in by the loving friends, whose names have been so often mentioned in my letters home, that all know who they are. The dear Pipers, Greens, Ellises, Tods and Bartlets, of Highgate, all sent in appropriate contributions, while our "cousin Judie" in her loving zeal, so stripped her own house to furnish ours, that Will pleasantly tells her "Gloucester Villa" is not worth burglarizing now. The dear Burys, from far off Barmen, and the Limmers, of Bexley Heath, did not forget to add their quota in the general make up; and so from cellar to garret we cannot turn without a reminder of what we owe to these dear ones for their fellowship in the gospel.

When I returned from the continent, it was to find everything in "apple-pie order" and no signs of a new and disordered establishment. Our "little maid" who waited on us at "Woodstock Road," was easily engaged—being out of service—and nothing is lacking in any department.

Speaking of "Woodstock Road," reminds me that you know nothing about it. Our good sister Griffith in Shackleton Lane, continuing in such precarious health that she could no longer undertake the care of lodgers, we had to look out for a new home and found it for a while at 95 Woodstock Road.

FINSBURY PARK.—Here we had most pleasant rooms, a good landlady and light rent. One insurmountable drawback, however. Two lines of railway ran back of the window of our sleeping department and the roar and rattle of the many trains in the early morning and late at night were too much for me. I couldn't get sound sleep and after two weeks it became such a serious matter, threatening chronic insomnia, that we were obliged to leave. Just then the Guinness imbroglio occurred and our dear friends, the Burys, took us all in at Welland House for 10 days. Then the Greens at Highgate did the same, until we were ready to move into Bro: Piper's comfortable villa, as narrated in a previous letter. I had no difficulty in getting back to the *status quo* on the sleep question after leaving Woodstock Road. But 100 trains thundering by within 50 yards of one's chamber window, between the hours of 5 and 8 in the morning, not to speak of frequent ditto up to midnight preceding were rather too much of a good thing in the locomotive line, for sound sleeping. We retired generally between 11 and 12, and the morning hours are therefore very precious for rest.

Our appointed meeting began on the evening of Sunday the 27th of July, in a small tent at Upper Clapton. It was a great "plunge" from Charrington Great Assembly Hall to this, as the transition from Danville with its crowded house on the 9th day—to Greensburg and its 50 to 75 attendants in a little country church. Or as marked as the change from the Frankfort Major Opera House, with its packed audiences, to the "little clock" that only served to set off the unfilled vastness of the Dayton Skating Rink. The lesson of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" has been so constantly repeated in our simple ministry that we have no time to get conceited by popularity. What a mercy for which we praise the LORD infinitely, when we think of the weakness of the flesh!

So we began in the dingy little tent, seated with comfortable benches, dimly lighted by a few kerosene lamps and with only the capacity of holding 250 or 300 people, with same old unfeigned joy that has become the blessed habit of our lives now. Praise the LORD that his service is so delightful as to leave no room for wounded amour propre and that we have been spirit-taught never to "despise the day of small things." And a glorious meeting we had in that "wee" canvas tabernacle. The glory of the LORD filled the little "establishment" in the wilderness just as full as the glorious Temple of Solomon. The weather was rather hot, but admirably suited for tent service, and we soon had everything as full as it could hold, and an overflow in the darkness of the "outer court." The dear LORD gave renewed liberty and power in preaching the word and many souls were saved and blessed. I have stopped the counting business, so don't look for any more "statistics" until we get to heaven, where we shall be able to reckon accurately.

We made some charming acquaintances among christians. The "Mission" in the tent is an "outwork" of a neighboring congregational church and conducted by a Mr. Madlow, a "solicitor" connected with a well known legal firm in the city—who with his devoted wife and a noble band of

helpers, labor "in season and out of season" for souls. I think they all learned, during that 10 days' meeting, the "way of the LORD" more perfectly. We count the friendship of these latest "ellow travelers" whose names are in the book of life as precious beyond expression. We had the pleasure of twice taking tea with the Beddows and seeing their sweet little family circle, while cultivating the new acquaintance. They are young people yet, with only 8 little "chicks" to care for; but it is a great pleasure to see how beautifully they are rearing them, "in the nurture and admonition of the LORD." Marie taught the two elder ones some of her songs and they were soon devoted to her. The youngest is just beginning to toddle, and has nothing developed yet but a good appetite, and perhaps the all pervading instinct of true Briton—Israelite to step upon everything in the world to his own end. On the occasion of our first visit—only a few days mentioned in illustration of our after a period of ominous silence, when the voice of "thy" had not been heard for several minutes and it occurred to us to make search for the missing darling; we at last found him in the dining room, before the open door of the budet, sitting on the floor, with legs wide apart, a great piece of cake in each hand, salted with overturned mistakes in powdered sugar, doubtless, but plain with marks of five fingers as evidence. (another disappointment evidently) for smothered with various articles of jam and preserves he had "sampled" and an expression of beaming joy as he innocently offered to share the cake with his mamma, when we appeared upon the scene. It was a tableau never to be forgotten.

By the time that meeting was over our dear George Wood had strangled for another.

What this dear brother has done for the cause and us, its representatives, I will not shock his sensitive nature by repeating in print. But I will not only say that with him and our dear "cousin Judie," it is the old story of what once happened as the "stood over against the treasury" and marked what was going on. Out of their "penury" they have given as nearly all their living as any I have ever known. Well, they "know whom they have believed" and I praise the LORD for teaching them usefulness in service, rarely seen in this selfish age.

(Continued next issue)

H. C. RUPLEY.
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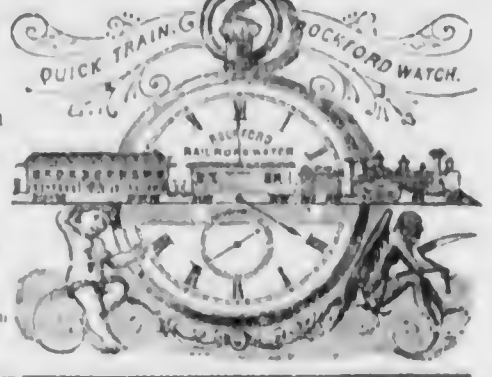
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